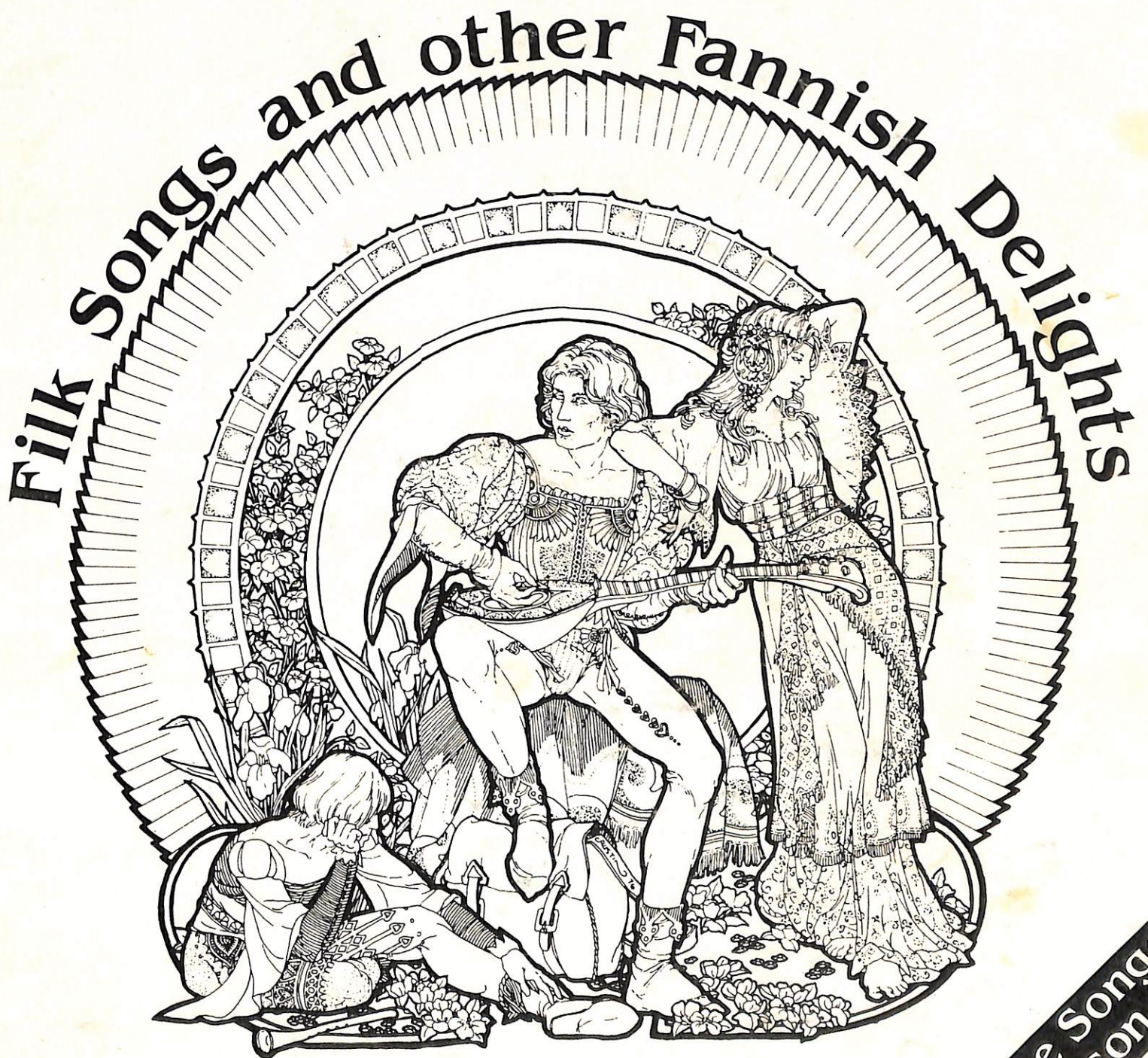


FAN-tastic



Vol.1 No.2 March

Featuring The Songs
of Karen Willson

A NOTE FROM ERIC GERDS

One can never truly appreciate what music is all about until one jumps right into the middle of it and discovers he is lost. All I ever wanted to do with the music was to copy the songs on to my magazine format. As it turned out, most of the time I had no idea what was going on. The only thing that saved me was a lot of really great people who kept me from going crazy, told me what I was doing wrong, and helped me finish the music.

Which leaves me with many thank you's to say:

Thank you to Karen for allowing me to publish her songs and being patient with me when she found errors.

Thank you to Chris, Kim, Gary, K.C., Joshua, John and Paul for their material to complete the issue.

Thank you to Chris Weber for his knowledge of both music and Karen's music.

Thank you to Carolyn Clemans, Roberta Gerds, Cary Howe, Tera Mitchel, Andy Rosen, Cat Spaulding, Carol and John Whiting, Karen, and Chris for coming over on a moment's notice, spending long hours, and doing a lot of hard work helping me put this together. There is no way I can really thank these people enough.

And a special thanks to Carolyn Clemans and my father, Don Gerds, for their love, knowledge, support and patience with me.

DEDICATION AND GREETING!

Hello! To whoever is holding this book out there, I want you to know you are hanging on to a very special part of me. A dream come true. Not just an ordinary "what if" dream, but a looking-glass dream — where I'm Alice, and Eric Gerds is the Mad Hatter — telling me I'm late. And the chase and adventures that went into creating this piece span twenty-five years, and rather resemble Alice's mad adventures.

But it *is* finished. I have ABSOLUTE PROOF that the dream is real, captured for a moment in what you're hanging onto but still growing. Thank you's are in order. Thank you for being there for me to sing/write to/share with. We're partners in this dream. Thank you to Eric for being too DAMNED POLITE through it all, willing to be a bridge-builder not a barrier. Please buy lots of copies, make him his investment back. Thanks to Chris Weber for — well, we won't go into it, but it was phenomenal. . . . Thanks to Carolyn Clemans, Steve Barnes and Tony and Sylvia Woods and Steve and Kathleen Sky-Goldin and everyone who contributed. Enjoy!

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THE MINSTREL'S SONG

Words and Music: Karen Willson

I am a minstrel, I am for sale, For my free - dom, good sir, I'll sing a
 tale — of legend and lore — Be- yond ken. For a few cre dits sir, — Or a
 kind smile or word, This mockery-of life I live will end.
 All the stars a - bove you I have seen, — And told of battles fought And dreams
 dreamed, And lads who've gone to war, Their loved ones weep no more, For
 they've returned to home Their glories won. Oh,

(2)
 I am a minstrel, I am for sale,
 For my freedom, good sir,
 I'll sing a tale of legend and lore
 Beyond ken.
 For a few credits sir,
 And a kind smile or word,
 This mockery of life I live will end.

DEATH SPINNER

Words and Music: Karen Willson

Am *Dm* *Am* *Dm* *Am*

I am the bring er of dreams and de — lights, And if you will fol — low, we'll

G *C* *Am* *Dm* *Am*

a tempo

dance through the night Into life — times of em — pty hopes and fan — ta — sies fair,

Dm *Am* *Em* *Am* *Dm* *Am*

accel.

But just try to touch me for there's no — thing there. I am your lov — er, your

Em *Am* *Dm* *Am* *Em* *Am*

friend, your ad — vis — or, You take my ad — vice, for I'm al — ways the wis — er. So

rit. *Dm* *Am* *Dm* *Am*

close your eyes, blind one, and step where I guide These bod — ies of old friends will be

Em *Am* *Dm* *Am* *Em* *Am* *Dm*

ea — sy to hide. For I am the judge and the ju — ry for all, To what I've con —

Am *Em* *Am* *Am*

demned you, most would be ap — palled. I'll twist you and change you for

Dm *Am* *Dm* *Am* *Em* *Am*

love's grand sake — And when I am done such a fool you will make. . .

Dm *C* *Em* *Am*

Darkness shall fol — low me, — and dreams and win — ter, — For this is my re

Em *Dm* *Em* *Am*

al — i — ty, — your lo — ver Death Spin — ner.



CHILDREN OF THE FUTURE

Words and Music: Karen Willson

Musical score for 'CHILDREN OF THE FUTURE' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of six staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff. The lyrics are: 'We are the chil - dren of the fu - ture with our eyes turned toward the sky -'. The second staff continues the melody with lyrics: 'As - king ques - tions, think - ing new thoughts, And won - dering why. . . .'. The third staff has lyrics: 'It's not e - nough for us to say, "It's just this way," And it's not e - nough to'. The fourth staff has lyrics: 'say, "It'll always be the same," For we are growing, eyes o - pen wide to our world,'. The fifth staff has lyrics: 'Chang - ing, re - a - rranging, the co - lours and the pa - tterns of our lives. . .'. The sixth staff is marked 'Coda' and has lyrics: 'al - ways won - dering why.'.

CHORUS: We are the chil - dren of the fu - ture with our eyes turned toward the sky -

As - king ques - tions, think - ing new thoughts, And won - dering why. . . .

It's not e - nough for us to say, "It's just this way," And it's not e - nough to

say, "It'll always be the same," For we are growing, eyes o - pen wide to our world,

Chang - ing, re - a - rranging, the co - lours and the pa - tterns of our lives. . .

Coda

al - ways won - dering why.

CHORUS:

If there is something wrong, you know we'll change it,
'cuz it's not our way to let things pass undone,
And when we're through, we'll look into tomorrow,
Knowing it will be ours, for in today
the future we have won.

CHORUS:

STAR TO STEER BY

Words and Music: Karen Willson

Musical score for 'STAR TO STEER BY' in D major, 4/4 time. The score consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff. The lyrics are: 'Oh, give me a star to steer by, - A cause to die for, a love to win, And'. The second staff continues the melody with lyrics: 'I will seek the sky. Hope springs in a rebel's breast, Knowing death is near,'. The third staff has lyrics: 'but fight - ing on To win a free man's grave. Life limps on for those he's left behind.'. The fourth staff has lyrics: 'We'll meet a - no - ther time, a - nother life, Where se - cret lo - vers dine.'.

CHORUS: Oh, give me a star to steer by, - A cause to die for, a love to win, And

I will seek the sky. Hope springs in a rebel's breast, Knowing death is near,

but fight - ing on To win a free man's grave. Life limps on for those he's left behind.

We'll meet a - no - ther time, a - nother life, Where se - cret lo - vers dine.

CHORUS:

Gently, she draws her children near
And whispers 'way their fears, for by moonset
The soldiers will have gone
Somewhere, her loved one roams the sky.
Death weaves his silken lies: a shield gone,
A robe of rest well won.

CHORUS:

Hidden deep, a princess' secrets lie.
Her brothers beside her slain. Dark Master smiles. . .
This battle he has won.
Head high, she meets death unafraid,
Knowing the price she's paid. Is worth its end,
Dark Master's hold broken

CHORUS:

War lingers on. Its roots grow deep in space,
Inspired and fed by hate. We will be free. . .
The rebel's cry is strong.
For them this dream: Together they'll carve a place.
Destiny they will create. The time has come;
The force of peace has won!

CHORUS:

THE WISHING WOOD

Words and Music: Karen Willson

I went to the wish-ing wood, — I went to dream a vi-sion if I could,
 The sha-dows dance and fa-shion worlds for me, Pic-tures of things to come and
 what might be. . . And then my soul was lift-ed to an-oth-er time and
 place, Where a wo-man danced be-neath the night sky With na-ked, ea-sy
 grace. She lif-ted her arms to the stars And sang a witch-ing song. A
 wing-ed horse glid-ed earth-bound, I turned and she was gone.
 Tra-ces of pla-ces I've ne-ver seen flashed by. Peo-ple, their fa-ces, were
 paint-ed on the sky. Knowl-edge since un-spo-ken then poured in-to my
 soul, The boy that came had since been changed in-to a man. — The

ri-tu-al was done.
 be. And what the fu-ture held for me. . .

WINDWALKER

Words and Music by Karen Willson

Wind wal-ker, star ri-der, tell me a sto-ry of long ago long a-go.
 Tell me of the time when star folk still passed here bear-ing gifts born of oth-er worlds,
 other times. Other worlds, other times.

THE STARS ARE FALLING

Words and Music: Karen Willson

a capella (A Round In 3 Parts)
 The stars are fal-ling, fal-ling. The stars are fal-ling down In-to the
 night peace In-to bril-liant white. The stars are fal-ling down.

DRAGONSONG

Words and Music: Karen Willson

Browns and greens and gold queens play - ing, Silk wings fla - shing by. . .
Dia - monds fli - cker ing through the vel - vet black Of Pern's sky. And I long for the
free - dom of their flight. . . Dragonsong, come a - long.
Midst the peace of green lands fer tile Lie the holds of times un a ware, Of the danger
Red Star threa tens, Where Thread falls death ling ers there.
Dra gon song, come a long. Flipping, turning, gliding, burning,
Breathless cold of worlds between, Two lives melting into one
For this young ri - der's dream, To Coda

SOMETIMES IN OUR LIVES. . .

Words and Music: Karen Willson

CHORUS: Sometimes in our lives, we have to say goodbye To all the things we knew,
peo - ple and pla - ces That made up the way we grew, Fa - mil - iar fa - ces Of
friends we leave be - hind, are memories sa - vored Like a glass of fine wine.
Sha - dows on the hill. The trees I climbed in When I was but a child, Earth Moth - er
smil - ing As I walk her forests wild, All these I leave Behind to walk the cold of space,
And Earth Mother's fond em - brace. So float soft - ly on a summer's mind wind warm,
And dream of the loves you never had and hopes un - born, For time slows for
those who walk the un - i - ver - se's face, And all that you lived and loved walked on
by, Ohman of the past, for you where will home lie? To Chorus
Ending Oh, fine wine. La da da da da da da da da

WOMAN

Words and Music: Karen Willson

I stand with quiet strength be-side a ru-shing ri-ver, Filled with an-ger,
bit-ter hopes, and I shi-ver. Be-hind me stands the sha-dow of the her-i tage I
bear, For on the shoul-ders of a wo-man the world of man stands
there. He is born of earth and rock, un mov-ing he de-spairs. But I am wind and
fi-re, wa-ter, el-e-men-tal pairs, And if I need to change the world, the
power from me flows - A round him so-lid, ne-ver moving and he can not know, That
though he says he's built the Earth With the blood and brawn of man, It's
womankind that nou-rish-es the ma-gic in the land, For when God breathed life into him from
a bit of clay and mud, In trust she gave him wo-man say-ing- stay and teach him

love, And so I walk be-side him wait-ing for the god-dess birth, I
hope some day he'll grow to know that to-gether, we are Earth.

STAR DREAMER LOVE SONG

Words and Music: Karen Willson

Star dream-er love song, wind ca-ressing my hair. Won-dering if I'll
e-ver see you, When I turn will you be there? Worlds a-part yet to-gether, Some
times we're clo-ser far a-way. Deep within me something touch-es you,
Re-flect-ing me and my ways. Sol-i-tar-y wanderer, feel-ing the spirit of the land.
Blowing love in-to sha-dow peo-ple, Teach-ing oth-ers how to make a stand,
Reach-ing for stars while earth-bound, Yet fre-er than the birds that sail the sky,
Star drea-mer I love you, but I don't know why. . . .

MISTY OF THE MORNING

Words and Music: Karen Willson

(1) D Fmaj7 Em Am Fmaj7

Misty — of the morning is — le runs na — ked Na — ture's child —

Em Am Fmaj7 Em Am Fmaj7

in — to the morn — ing. . . From pover — ty she runs, from

Em Am C G C G Fmaj7

lone li — ness From the captain of the good ship Wil — der — ness.

Em Asus4 Am

She runs a — long the shore — towards freedom.

D Fmaj7 Em Am Fmaj7

Ending Mis — ty of the morning is — le was taken In the hot Pa — ci — fic

Em Asus4 Am

sun, white sands bur — ning.

(2) Misty of the morning isle runs naked
Youth fading behind her
Hot Pacific morning.
From poverty she runs, from certain death
In the arms of the captain of the Wilderness.
A king's man takes what he conquers — even freedom.

MAGIC

Words and Music: Karen Willson

Am Em C C Em Am G Em G Em Am Em C

CHORUS: Sun, moon, rain, wind, sand, stars are call — ing, are call — ing. Sun, moon, rain,

C Em Am G Em Am Am Em C C E Am G Em

wind, sand, stars, are call — ing me. Where you go I fol — low. (Come fol — low,

G Em Am Em C C E Am G Em Am C

fol — low, fol — low.) Where you go I fol — low. (Come follow me.) In —

C G Em E C G

to times lost and dreams not re — mem — bered We shall jour — ney, fol — low close.

C G Em E Fmaj7 E

Watch me weave a cloak of magic, From the thread of a u — ni — corn's coat. The

C G Em E C G

moon a — bove shall be our lan — tern, The herbs to heal our earthborn pains.

C G Em E Fmaj7 E

And when we've found the Wil — low world ci — ty, We will be home again.

CHORUS:

Words of power gods have bestowed on us
Charms of hope on wings of change,
And if hearts be true to the path fate has chosen
The Shadow will not walk this way again.
Behind us lies the moon and memory
Safety's chains, path worn, ways known,
Before us lies a new world that's ours to test
In battle where legends are born.

CHORUS:

SONG OF THE SKY

Words and Music: Karen Willson

CHORUS: Song of the sky, stars wandering by, Gal - ax - ies spin - ning, sing - ing, da - ring me to play, And join the chil - dren wait - ing out in space. just got - ta go. Just got - ta go. . . There are worlds to ex - plo - re and o - pen doors, chance to find a place to be free. got - ta go, just gotta go. You know I just can't wait a - noth - er year, 'Cuz there's just no - thin' left for us here.

CHORUS:

(2) All I can hear is angry fear,
Life is filled with hate and men with greed.
Just gotta go, just gotta go,
You know I just can't wait another year,
'Cuz there just may be nothin' left here.

CHORUS:

SHIP WITHOUT SAILS

Words and Music: Karen Willson

CHORUS: On a ship without sails we'll fol - low ou - r dreams, And tra - vel for e - ver, an endless starry sea. Mem - o - ries are all that's left to me, Oh, lover child, Why did you leave me be hind. The call flowed free to roam the night, Oh, son of mine, Like your father's spirit, wild!

CHORUS:

Lovers once, a pair in love with life,
Our hopes entwined,
Now all of this is gone.
Lips and hearts brushed,
Tears mingled with wine,
Someday we'll love again,
Farewell young lover mine.

CHORUS:

I'll race the wind and catch the sun,
Seek maidens fair,
But my heart you have won.
Though I go now to seek my soul,
I will return,
To the lands and loves of home.

CHORUS:

STAR TRAVELER
Words and Music: Karen Willson

Star traveler, falcon in flight, Where do
you run, dra-gon wo-man? Your hands cov-ered with blood.
War-rrior wo-man, for-ev-er seek-ing truth,
Your winged flight springs e-ter-nal In my dreams. 'neath silvery helm,
whose face un-known Lies sha-dowed by blood-y mem-ory Some
say not all her own. Ice fal-con, fi-er-y child here and
then, Past times were free but wild, Who will be thy mas-ter
now. Someday Black Drag-on will re-turn a-gain And e-vil shall fall to falcon's
powers, Know Unmasked she will fall to lovers' lies And die the death all
winged ones face who Can-not fly. Flight is Ice Falcon's greatest power, And

this shall Drag-on Woman lose Her final hour. Star Trav-ler, Falcon in
flight Where do you run dragon woman. Your winged flight springs e-
ternal in my dreams.

LORD OF THE RINGS Lyrics: J.R.R. Tolkein Tune: by Karen Willson

Three rings for the el-ven kings un-der the sky, Se-ven for the dwarf lords
in their halls of stone, Nine for mor-tal men doomed to die, One for the
Dark Lord on his dark throne. . . In the land of Mordor where sha-
dows lie. . . One ring to rule them all, one ring to bind them, One ring to
bring them all and in the darkness bind Them. . . In the land of
Mor-dor where sha-dows lie. . . sha-dows lie. . .

WANDERER

Words and Music: Karen Willson

I've been wan-der-ing for a long time now, seems like for-ev-er.
 Chasin' the stars around, thinking someday I'll set-tle down,
 Some-day, ne-ver. (1) Un-til you came in to my life and
 changed me To tra-vel the night for-ev-er was my rea-son to be —
 Un-til the starlight in your eyes became my des-ti-ny.
 And now I wander where your gentle spirit flows Know-ing wher-
 ever your path takes me, I will go. We've been
 tra-veling for a-long time now, seems like for-ev-er.
 Cha-sin' the stars around, thinking someday we'll set-tle down,

Some day, ne-ver. (2) There've been dark times, watching our
 dreams grow cold Some times bit-ter, find-ing the trea-sure we've been
 told To reach for is a lifetime a way. But the love we've Found to-
 gether is too high a price to pay— For if I had to live with-out you I would
 drown In my own soul. I'd be a life without an an-chor, drifting a-lone.
 We've been wan-dering for a
 long time now, seems like for-ev-er. Chasin' the
 stars a-round, thinking someday we'll set-tle down, Someday we'll
 set-tle down, some-day. . . .

NIGHTFLYER

Words and Music by Karen Willson and Doug Gagliardi

(1)

There's a place far a-way in a wondrous glass ci-ty Where

dia-monds reach sky ward to shield her my own, Hair spun of gold, eyes

deep as a ri-ver They look to the night sky and won-der if I'll e-ver come home.

CHORUS: For I'm the night fly-er, I close my eyes and the stars drift by Oh,

I'm the night fly-er, and the dis-tance will be my mis tress Un-til I die.

(2)

And in an oth-er time, un-der twin suns burn-ing, Waits a wo-man as

taw-ny as man's e-ver seen, And an oth-er some where, I can har-dly re

mem-ber, Strange they should seem no more than a dream. And now I'm pressed

close in the arms of an-oth-er, She's face less, time less, I'm just pas-sing through.

I know you long to hold me for-ev-er But for-e-ver's not

Am Coda G

for a sha-dow like you. For I'm the night-fly-er, I

C Am G C G

close my eyes Oh, I'm the night-rider a-sleep, to dream, a-

Am rit. G Dm Dm/C# Dm/C G A.

wake, else where...

MERLIN'S SONG

Words and Music by Karen Willson

With Spirit Am C Em Am Em Am Em C G

CHORUS: Let wind and rain and fire fall For I am mas-ter

Em Am Em Am Em Am Am Am Dm Am Em C Dm

ov-er all! (1) No man near me they all fear me, rod of sil-ver

Am Em Am Dm Am Em C Dm

calms the storm, No man questions what I bec-kon, the pow-er of Merlin

Am Em Am To Chorus Am Dm Am

Thou dare not scorn! legato (2) But in a far a-way place, green peace that I call

Em C Dm Am E Dm

home. Po-er is gen-tle and the voice of hope is clear There two moons rise

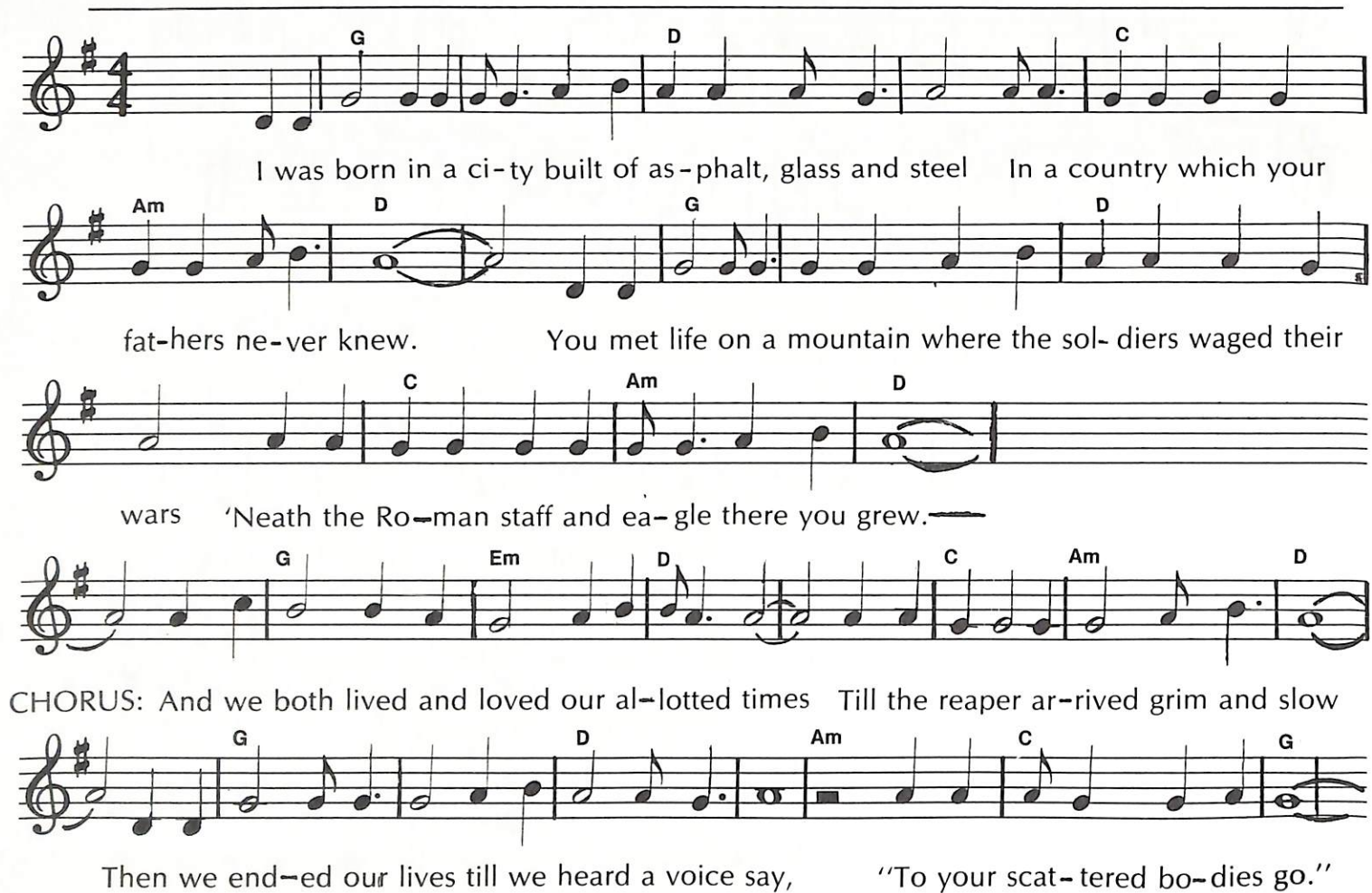
Am Em C Dm Am Em Am To Chorus

to share the songs of stars, My heart longs for my birthplace, but my destiny lies here!

Am Em Am Dm Am G A

Ending all

TO YOUR SCATTERED BODIES GO
Words and Music: Chris Weber



I was born in a ci-ty built of as-phalt, glass and steel In a country which your
fat-hers ne-ver knew. You met life on a mountain where the sol-diers waged their
wars 'Neath the Ro-man staff and ea-gle there you grew.

CHORUS: And we both lived and loved our al-lotted times Till the reaper ar-rived grim and slow
Then we end-ed our lives till we heard a voice say, "To your scat-tered bo-dies go."

On the banks of a river that encompassed our new world
We were born anew on Resurrection Day.
In a land with a people from another race and time
Only we and some few others could not stay.

CHORUS:

Though we once lived apart and had two thousand years between
We were joined now in a love that could not die.
With our youth and our vigor given to us once again
We'd explore this world together, you and I.

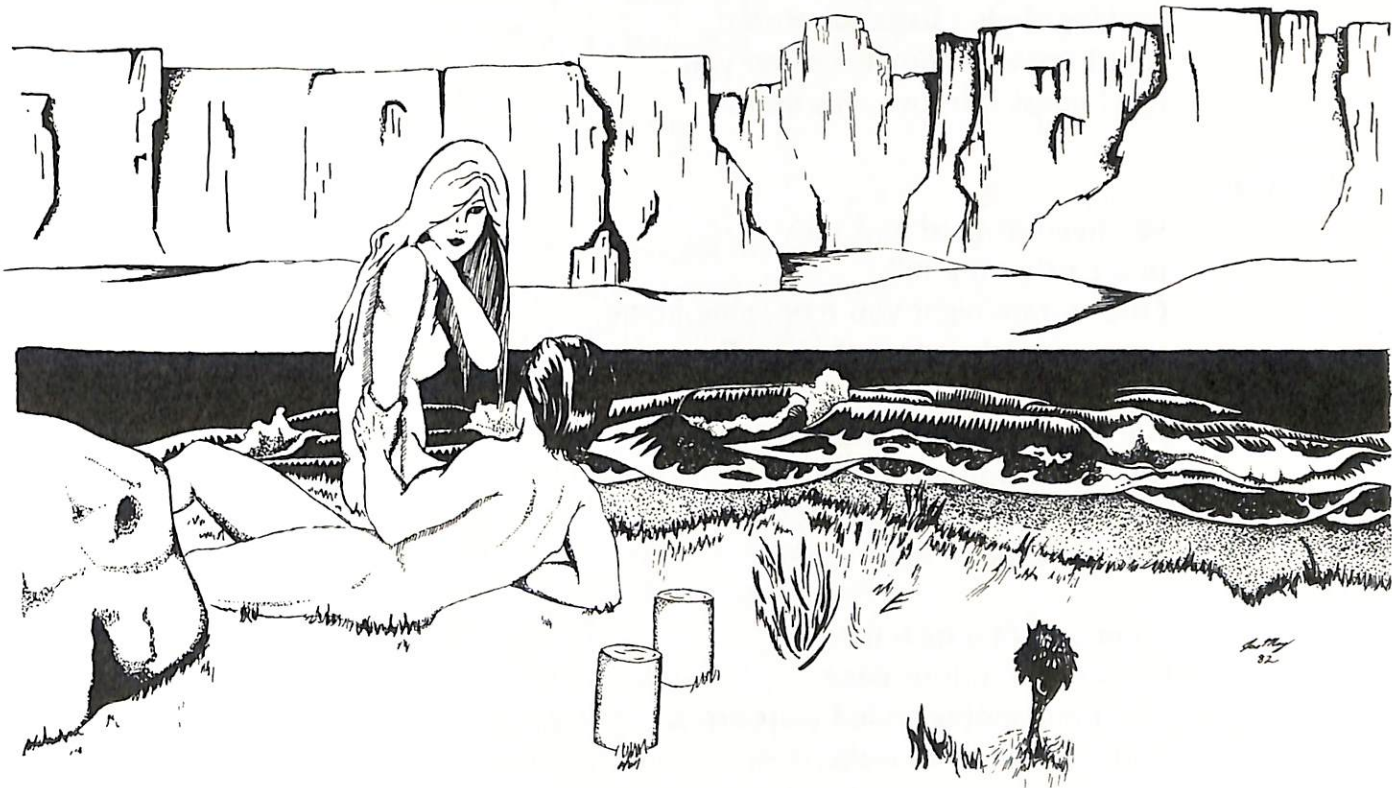
CHORUS:

So many splendid journeys, yes so many dangers too
We have shared with one another through the years.
Saw famous saints and sinners and ten thousand ways to live.
Broke apart and reconciled in joy and tears.

CHORUS:

But I learned that even here in this world where none grow old
There are partings that new dawns cannot heal
For our boat capsized one day we were reborn far apart
So I seek you in this emptiness I feel.

CHORUS:



FOREVER WILL I LOVE YOU

Words and Music: Kimberly Bethel

Am C/B Am C/B Am C/B Am C/B Am C/B Am C/B Am C/B Am C/B Am

CHORUS: For ever will I love you. For

Am C/B Am C/B Am C/B Am C/B Am C/B Am C/B Am C/B Am

ever my love grows strong. Even if we're far apart. And even if you're gone.

In dark times did I meet you.
Seeking shelter from the storm.
And I knew I thought I hated you,
But I guess our love was born!

CHORUS:

We lived as Lord and Lady
In a castle on a hill.
One stormy night you n'er came home.
You were taken 'gainst my will.

And when that life was over,
My search for you began.
You saw me in a painting old,
For you'd been born again.

CHORUS:

I met you in a new time
Of fast and furious pace.
This time another ruled your heart,
And I will have to wait.

And then when I was reborn,
On a planet far away,
I waited for your soul to come
So together we could stay.

FINAL

CHORUS: Forever will I love you.
Forever my love grows strong.
26. I've waited out fate's twists and turns.
I'll wait another dawn.

WHITE TOWER

Words and Music: Kimberly Bethel

Am G Em Am Am G Em Am Am G Am G Em Am Am G Em Am Am G

CHORUS: Call unto me. Call unto me. The towers of old, they

Am G Em Am Am G Am G Em Am Am G

call unto me. One day I learned of the towers of old, And of the knowledge that

Am G Em Am Am F Am G Am G

was to be told. To learn of the law of the light bright and true. To study the ways of the

Am G Em Am Am G Em Am

Ending

tower's bold truth. Call unto me.

CHORUS:

I watched the white tower in years of my youth,
And those from the village who waited their turn,
For knowledge of old and the life that it gave,
And warnings of darkness and shadows and pain.

CHORUS:

Those who are chosen were born for the task.
Hands show the ones who that each tower shall choose,
When the time comes, they shall go on their way,
And one day return, each one choosing his path.

CHORUS:

I am a chosen one on my way now,
To the towers of old to learn the way now.
To learn of the law of the light bright and true,
For darkness calls all, one more each day new.

CHORUS:

The laws of the towers are binding on all.
For thousands of years the call has gone on.
Bringing the peace, love, and joy that we share,
To each generation out goes the call.

CHORUS:

CHORUS:

SPACE SHUTTLE (A Short History of U.S. Space Flights)

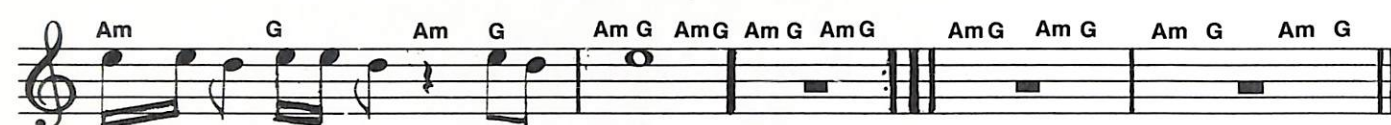
Words and Music: Kimberly Bethel



Apollo, Voyager, a shuttle some day. Pioneer, Gemini, Apollo, Voyager, a shuttle some day.



A satellite orbited Earth to gather news from the stars. And



now we send messages 'round the world.

And then man orbited Earth and walked among the stars.
And looked back on a shining blue Earth.

CHORUS:

One day man walked the moon, and checked out every rock.
And planted a flag saying, "We were here."

And then the first was built; they called her "Enterprise."
And she flew in the Earth's atmosphere.

CHORUS:

Now I sit and wait for the launch of "Columbia."
Two years, two days late.

"Columbia" orbits Earth and then comes home again.
Another day, she'll go up again.

CHORUS:

SECOND

CHORUS:

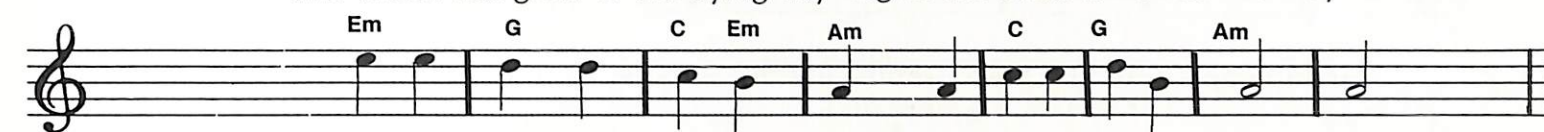
Pioneer, Gemini, Apollo, Voyager, a shuttle today.
Pioneer, Gemini, Apollo, Voyager, a shuttle today.

RETURNEE

Words and Music: Gary Anderson



The blood-red glow of the dying day Lights the ruins a cross the way And re



turns my thoughts to yes ter day And all that I have seen

I marched away five years ago
From home and loves that a man might know
To guard against the invader's blow
A blow not deadly to us

The missiles passed far overhead
The radio died as our homelands bled
Both sides turned and homeward fled
To what we could not know

At first we rode but then we walked
Through barren lands where famine stalked
Of what we found we never talked
Nor did we speak of home

We pressed on though our food was gone
We trudged from dawn to weary dawn
With ribs that showed and faces wan
And we ate the ones who fell

Through dim red day and night's blue glow
Though I grew weak and my steps grew slow
I kept on through the summer's snow
Until I came to home

In empty ruins I hear the call
Of things that howl outside the wall
Until eternal night shall fall
Over the last of our clan

RIMFIRE
Words and Music: Gary Anderson



I'll tell to you a story, a tale that's seldom told Of troopers and of smugglers and a



starship captain bold Of McConnell and his Rimfire, his blockade-bustin' runs



Smugglin' parts and booze and ammunition for the guns



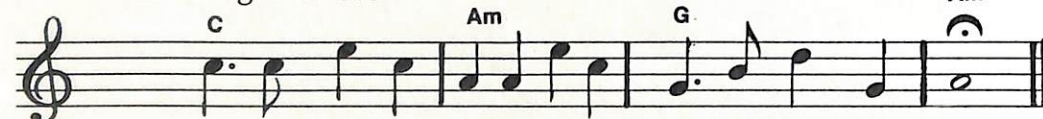
CHORUS: And it's Rimfire, Rimfire, runnin' thru the night Runnin' fast and quiet but alert to fly or



fight And it's thunder, lightning, flashing in the sky Her guns and engines roarin' as she



has to fight or die



Ending Running Fast and Quiet in the Shadows and moonlight.

'Twas in the Persis Cluster, McConnell took the job
Of runnin' into Jackson, in a war with Guerra's mob
The Mob's blockade was leaky; he'd run it twice before
This time would be no different and he'd make an easy score

But Guerra had Imperials, troopers and their arms
He'd promised them part plunder from the Jackson mines and farms
But first they'd stop the smuggler, for with supplies in hand
The Jackson folk would blast his ships and free their sky and land

CHORUS:

McConnell loaded Rimfire with missiles and with guns
A little bit of booze and ammunition by the tons
The Mob and troopers waited for him to make his try
As he ran the engines up to peak and took her to the sky

McConnell ran the Cluster, dodgin' dust and stars
And slid the Rimfire into system with a few new scars
He saw the troopers waiting to try and stop his ship
So he slammed her into hyperdrive for the short and touchy trip

He blazed down into atmosphere, the hull a cherry red
With the Mob and troopers closing, if he stopped he might be dead
But he promised to deliver, so he stopped and dropped the load
Covered up with missile fire and struck the starward road

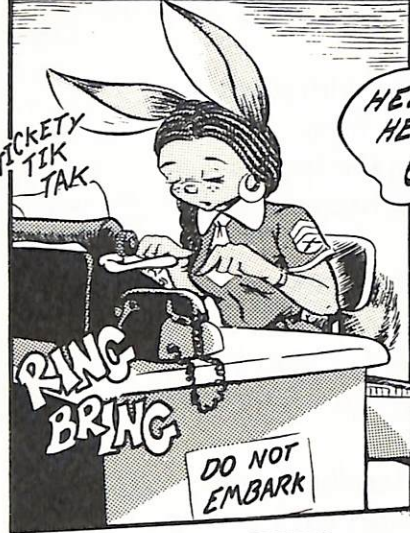
And it's Rimfire, Rimfire, blazin' in the night
Her missiles blastin' outward in her grim and deadly fight
And it's thunder, lightnin' flashin' in the sky
A dawn of burning metal as men and starships die

And now it's ten years later, the war's been over eight
But the Jackson folk remember still McConnell and his fate
For McConnell still remembers, and Rimfire makes her run
A ship of ghosts and shadows, in a fight she almost won

And it's Rimfire, Rimfire, runnin' thru the night
Runnin' fast and quiet in the shadows and moonlight



TUESDAY... A RATHER ORDINARY DAY ON BASE, AS PERT PRETTY, CPL. KELLY O'HAIR, IS BUSY TYPING OUT THE ORDERS OF THE DAY... AND THE GENERAL'S GROCERY LIST... WHEN, SUDDENLY...



GOSHAROOTY? YES SIR, MR. PRESIDENT?

HELLO, HELLO... OH?

YES SIR? RIGHT AWAY SIR??

JEOPERS? ASHTORETH AND HER MOB, HAVE BROKEN INTO A TOP SECRET VAULT, AND ARE GETTING AWAY WITH INFORMATION VITAL TO OUR NATIONAL SECURITY..?

THIS IS A JOB FOR...

THAT'S RIGHT, YOU BEADY EYED LITTLE BUNNY WATCHERS... FOR WITH A RUB OF HER MYSTIC AMULET SHE IS INSTANTLY TRANSFORMED INTO THE AVATRIX ADVENTURESS! THE DARNSTORMING BUNNY BOMBSHELL... THE... WELL, YOU KNOW...

CUTE BUNNY

Joshua Quagmire
INKS: J. TUBBS

LATER... AS ASHTORETH, AN HER LARGENOUS CROONYS ARE TAKIN' IT ON THE LAMB...



OH, BE QUIET?

TAKE THAT, YOU CROOKS??

©1982 JOSHUA QUAGMIRE...



PUT THOSE DOWN? DON'T YOU KNOW, THAT'S CLASSIFIED INFORMATION?

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, ASHTORETH?

SAYS YOU, BUNNY BROAD, I'M GONNA SELL THESE FILMS TO A FOREIGN POWER FOR BIG BUCKS??

SORRY FOXY... BUT YOU WON'T HAVE TIME TO DO ANYTHING WITH THEM...

WHY NOT?

'CAUSE, RIGHT OVER THERE... IT'S THE END OF THE STORY...

WHAT? YOU MEAN THIS IS JUST A CRUMMY TWO PAGER??

THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY... AN IT'S A TWO PAGE STORY?? OH WELL... LOOK, KELLY, WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO FINISH THE FIGHT NOW... WHAT SAY WE JUST GO HOME AN SEE WHAT'S ON T.V...?

OKAY... I'LL WHIP UP SOME OF THIS SCRAMPTIOUS LOW CAL. SCUFFLE, AN...

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!!

THE NERVE OF THAT IDIOT, QUAGMIRE?? TWO PAGES... HMMPH??

OH DON'T LET IT BOTHER YOU VICKY...

IT WAS A DUMB STORY ANYWAY... REALLY...



THE END

©1982 JOSHUA QUAGMIRE...

"IN SEEK OF...KAREN WILLSON"
by K.C. Stevenson

FADE IN:
INT. — SET OF "IN SEEK OF..." — DAY
LENNY MOY, our host for the evening, is seated center stage.

MOY
Good evening. Welcome to IN SEARCH OF...WAYWARD SONGWRITERS.
Tonight our task force will be combing the city for one of the most notorious songwriters of the twentieth century, one Karen E. Willson.

Moy turns to the video screen behind him.
INSERT — PICTURE OF MS. WILLSON
In this wall sized mug shot she is diving behind some foliage in a hotel lobby, guitar trailing.

MOY (V.O.)
Ms. Willson has been cited for twenty-six counts of "Writing original science fiction and fantasy music," "Willfully and maliciously missing writing deadlines," and "Drinking pickle juice in public."

BACK TO SCENE
Moy shakes his head sadly.

MOY
What drove this woman from the righteous path?

Moy, getting heated, stands.
MOY

Why did she willfully refuse to write songs about me and all my other pointy-eared friends? Folk singers! Original music! BAH!!

Moy bares his chest revealing a "SPOCK FOREVER" T-shirt. His face flushes as he remembers this is live television. He sits down.

MOY
(continuing)

Well, friends, tonight we'll have the answer to the modus operandi of this criminal mind. With the help of Officers Weber and Gerds, we're going to bring Ms. Willson here, to Studio B, to answer questions from our studio audience.

Canned CLAPPING as police officers, ERIC GERDS and CHRIS WEBER enter.

BOTH OFFICERS
(shouting)

Two! Four! Six! Eight! We won't let her procrastinate!

GERDS
(to Weber)

Does that scan?
Weber shrugs.

MOY
Gentlemen, our ratings for this evening depend on you. How are you going to apprehend Ms. Willson?

Gerds pulls out a file folder of flyers.
34.

GERDS
We've been spreading these around the city of Los Angeles.

Moy takes one of the flyers.
MOY

What are these?
GERDS

Copies of the only "filk" song she ever wrote: "I Like Klignon Stew." She'll go nuts if it gets out. Ruin her reputation.

The two officers chuckle evilly.
MOY

I see. Copies on every street corner. Stake outs waiting to pick her up when she picks them up. Very clever.

Gerds and Weber turn on Moy angrily.
BOTH OFFICERS

Shhhhhh! You'll give away the plan.
Moy looks apologetic.

MOY
Oh! Ahem. Perhaps some interviews are in order. Or maybe a commercial.

He glances offstage.
MOY
(continuing)

We'd best let you boys get on with your job.

CUT TO: COMMERCIAL
DISSOLVE TO:

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM — DAY

Moy wanders through a room filled with musical instruments, movie posters, space ships, fannish art work, and pictures. Two cats eye him suspiciously from atop the piano which dominates one wall.

MOY
Here we are, downtown North Hollywood. The story of Ms. Willson's fall into fandom is carved into the walls of her apartment.

He points to a picture of a small, blonde girl playing with a Folger's Coffee can.

MOY
Her addiction to caffinated substances began at an early age. Daughter of an Air Force Colonel and the youngest of six children she had every opportunity.

He points to a picture of six black-robed nuns, each eight feet tall, looming over diminutive Karen Willson.

MOY
(continuing)

But it was in the shadow of the Catholic Church that corruption began. Someone handed this innocent child a musical instrument.

INSERT — PICTURE OF KAREN
She is playing flute in a marching band.

MOY (V.O.)
On the surface, it seemed to be a healthy relationship between a girl and her flute. But behind those hazel eyes lay the ripening soul of a social deviant.
Oh, she excelled in her music. Played nine instruments. Wrote music for a church sponsored TV program, Insight, as a sophomore in high school.

BACK TO SCENE
MUSIC DARKENS. Moy focuses on a picture of Karen's band director who is smiling.

MOY
But this courageous man uncovered the roots of her trickery that same year. To his surprise that Karen E. Willson could not read a single note of music. She was first chair. He had heaped honors on her head.

INSERT — ANOTHER PICTURE OF KAREN
She is covered with music trophies. . .and other band members.

MOY (V.O.)
His reputation was at stake! So what did he do, this teacher of music so humbled? He covered up. To this day, against the laws of every Church of music in the country, Karen Willson cannot read music but INSISTS on writing original songs. I'm certain that's a punishable offense.

BACK TO SCENE
Moy begins to calm down.

MOY
She attended her first science fiction convention in 1977. It was a Doug Wright Con. And there, in the ladies' bathroom, she began her life of crime. She wrote a song, "Star to Steer By," and performed it that same evening in the masquerade.

Moy glances around the apartment. We see the room in a slow PAN, stopping at the cats. They are watching Moy watch them.

MOY
(continuing)

Would nothing save her? Not her love of cats? Of Japanese cartoons? Of burritos? No! The desire to be involved in the world of science fiction grew, spilling over into her mundane life, even into her work.

INSERT — YET ANOTHER PICTURE OF KAREN
She is slaving over miles of computer consoles.

MOY
She had a perfectly acceptable job as a computer operator for a great metropolitan newspaper. Miles of circuits obeyed her every command. But song writing awakened an even deeper, deadly urge.

BACK TO SCENE
Moy pauses.

MOY
(continuing)
The urge to WRITE!
CUT TO:
INT. STUDIO SET — DAY
Moy, seated, looks over his shoulder at a video screen. On the screen we see Karen with Nichelle Nichols. Nichelle is holding a copy of an interview done by Karen. They are both smiling.

MOY
It began with a magazine, Starlog. Karen quit her job. Began to write full time. For pay. Began hob-nobbing with BIG NAME science fictionites. With television producers. With stars —
Moy smooths his hair with one hand.

MOY
(continuing)
While doing an article on the BUCK ROGERS show's second season, opportunity knocked. Karen was handed a copy of the first script, "Hawk." She handed back a CORRECTED copy to the producer, pointing out tiny science errors anyone could miss like — walking around in space without helmets. You know; it's only TV.

INSERT — CLOSEUP OF GIL GERARD
MOY (V.O.)

She became the show's technical advisor. With an open ticket to the Universal lot, she developed a cozy relationship with the special effects industry.

BACK TO SCENE
Moy leans forward.

MOY
So cozy, that she became Production Manager of a local special effects studio, The Magic Lantern. Started ordering folks around, you know? Making movies like History of the World, Part One. The Creature Wasn't Nice. The Jupiter Menace. Flicks. Mount St. Helen's. And the corruption deepened.

Moy stands.

MOY
(continuing, shouting)

She had the audacity to produce a documentary on the handicapped for public television!

Audible GASPS from the studio crew.

MOY
(continuing)

Is there no end to this corruption? Now she's loose! On her own! Writing kids' books and trying to break into television! Can this go on?

ANGLE ON THE STUDIO CREW

They are jumping up and down. Screaming. Looking for blood. Tearing down the monitors.

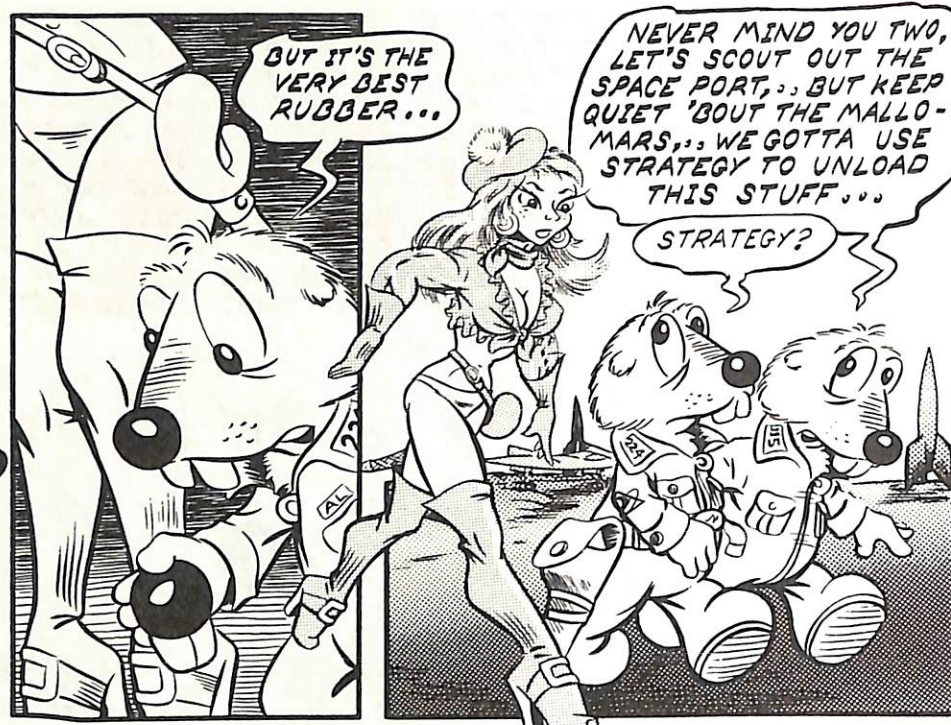
36.

FADE TO BLACK.

37.



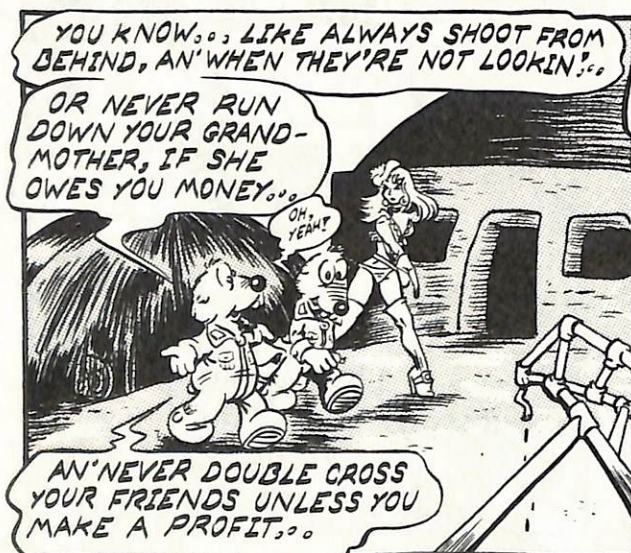
FOR THE LAST TIME, AL,
I'M NOT WEARING THIS
STUPID THING??



BUT IT'S THE
VERY BEST
RUBBER...

NEVER MIND YOU TWO,
LET'S SCOUT OUT THE
SPACE PORT... BUT KEEP
QUIET 'BOUT THE MALLO-
MARS... WE GOTTA USE
STRATEGY TO UNLOAD
THIS STUFF...

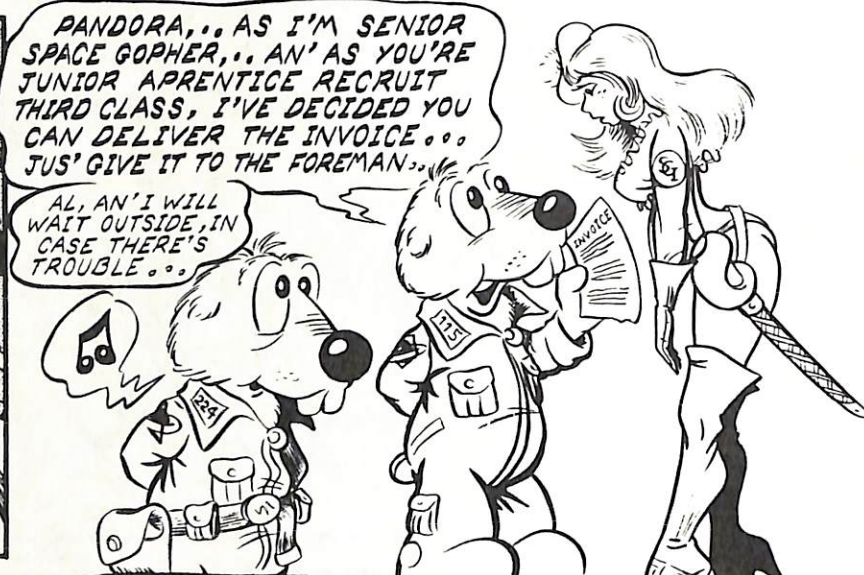
STRATEGY?



YOU KNOW... LIKE ALWAYS SHOOT FROM
BEHIND, AN' WHEN THEY'RE NOT LOOKIN'...

OR NEVER RUN
DOWN YOUR GRAND-
MOTHER, IF SHE
OWES YOU MONEY...

AN' NEVER DOUBLE CROSS
YOUR FRIENDS UNLESS YOU
MAKE A PROFIT...



PANDORA... AS I'M SENIOR
SPACE GOPHER... AN' AS YOU'RE
JUNIOR APRENTICE RECRUIT
THIRD CLASS, I'VE DECIDED YOU
CAN DELIVER THE INVOICE...
JUS' GIVE IT TO THE FOREMAN...

AL, AN' I WILL
WAIT OUTSIDE, IN
CASE THERE'S
TROUBLE...



RIGHT AL... I'LL
BE RIGHT BACK...



HEY? WHAT'S
THIS??
MALLOMARS!?

I STILL THINK
SHE SHOULD
TOLD HIM, THEY
WERE CHOCOLATE
PING PONG
BALLS...

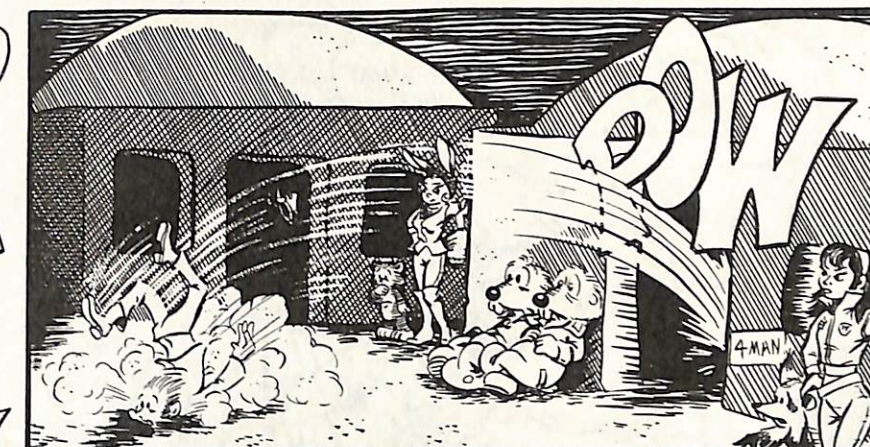
SOUNDS LIKE AN AWFUL
FIGHT... IF IT WEREN'T
FOR MY BAD BACK I'D
ALMOST FEEL LIKE
HELPIN' HER...

THAT'S
MIGHTY BRAVE
OF YOU AL...
I ALMOST FEEL
THAT WAY MYSELF...



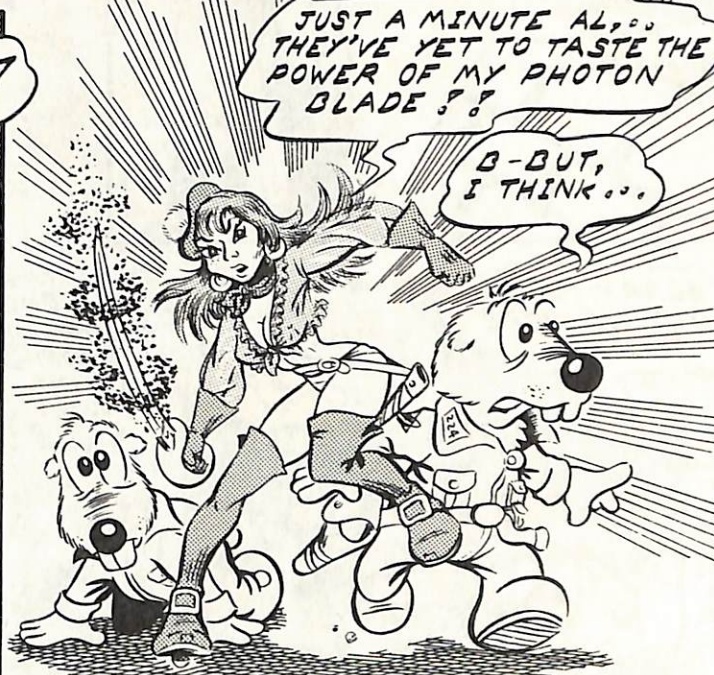
WE REALLY
SHOULD DO
SOMETHIN'
TO HELP?

WHAT SAY, WE RING
THE DOOR BELL,
AN' RUN...?



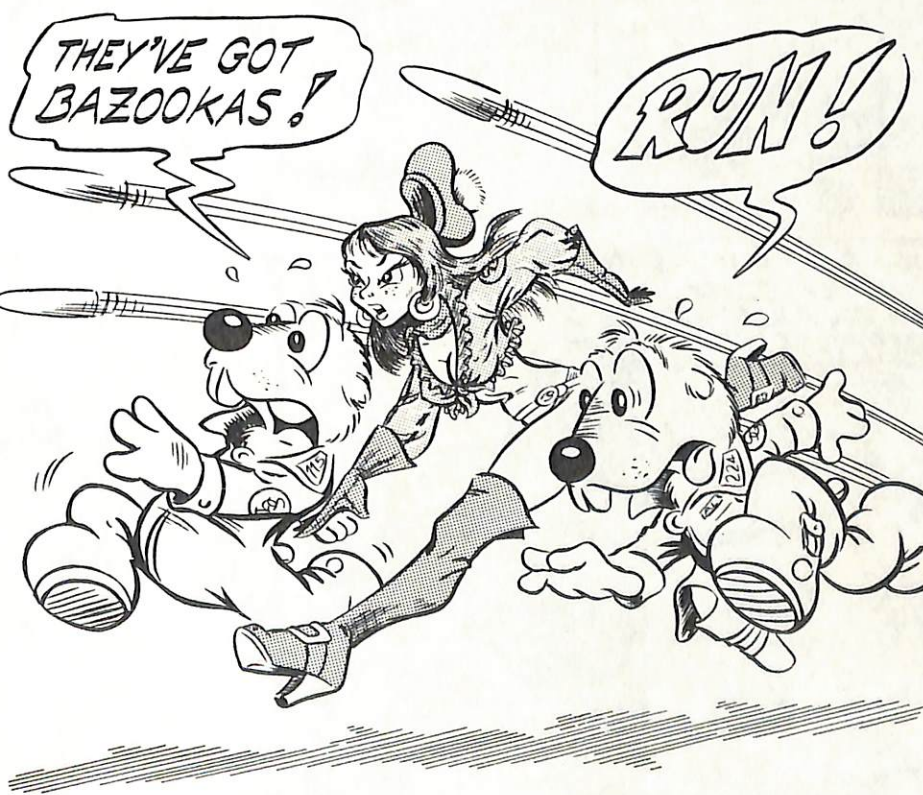
THAT WAS
A FOUL BLOW
SISTER! FIGHT
FAIR! I DAST YA!

I DOUBLE DAST
YA?? GET HER
BOYS!
AN I'LL GET
THE GOPHERS!



JUST A MINUTE AL...
THEY'VE YET TO TASTE THE
POWER OF MY PHOTON
BLADE??

B-BUT,
I THINK...



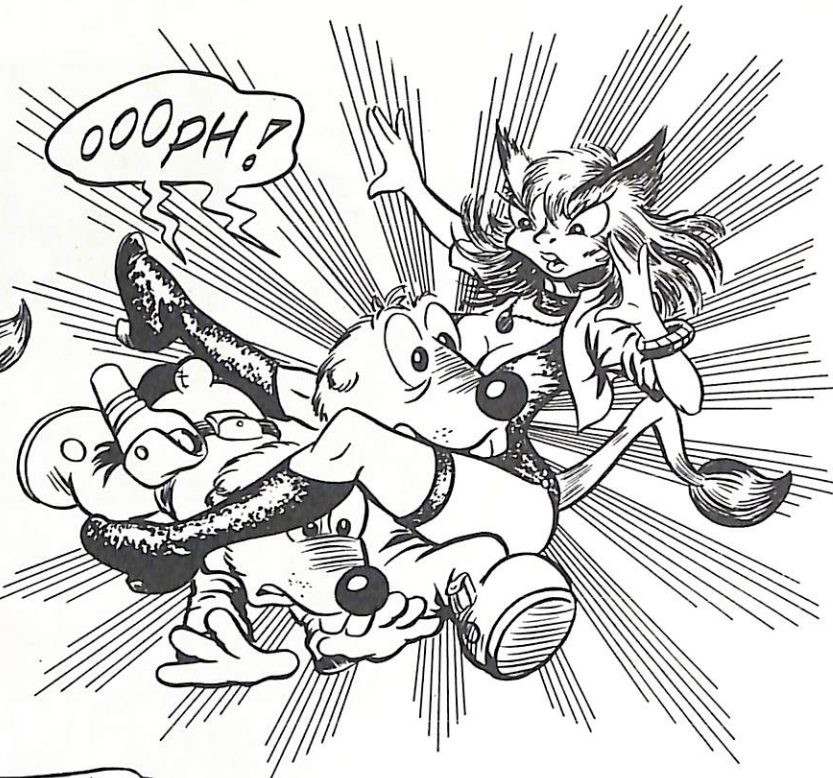
THEY'VE GOT
BAZOOKAS!

RUN!



W-WE'RE
DOOMED?

GET THE
LITTLE
BUMS!



ATTACK OF THE MOLDY MALLOMARS!

FEATURING SPACE GOPHERS INC.

SEE AL AL MENACED
BY 32,000 TONS OF ICKY
STICKY MALLOMARS!
SEE PANDORA STRIPPED
TO THE BARE ESSENTIALS!

CAN YOU GUESS THE
AWESOME SECRET OF THE
RUBBER NOSE OF DOOM?
YES SPACE KIDDETS,
ALL THIS, AND MUCH MUCH
LESS...



COMING SOON TO A COMIC BOOK NEAR YOU...!